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ABSTRACT

A reader on the Cape Verdean and Portuguese experience in the United States is presented. The materials are designed for secondary school and college ethnic studies programs. The main body of the materials consists of four stories that have been translated and partially modified into English. Suggestions for discussion, individual projects, and supplementary work accompany each story. A partially annotated bibliography is included. Contributing authors/translators are as follows: J. Rodrigues Migueis/Gregory McNab, and H. Teixeira de Sousa/Gregory McNab. (SW)

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[A Reader on the Cape Verdean and Portuguese Heritage]

Rhode Island Department of
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The Ethnic Heritage Studies Program of Rhode Island, Appendix E

FL 011500

Appendix E

Introduction

These materials on the Portuguese and Cape-Verdean communities are meant to be used in an already existing ethnic studies curriculum, such as the one now being developed by Rhode Island College for secondary school use.

We believe their application to be two-fold. First, since the curriculum under development by Rhode Island College deals only with general concepts in ethnicity, these materials can provide some content on two specific groups heretofore generally ignored on the ethnic front. While not all of the materials deal with the Rhode Island experience of the Portuguese and Cape-Verdeans, we believe that what we have produced and found can shed light on their story in Rhode Island.

The partially annotated biblicgraphy is intended for the use of teachers who may wish to learn more about the communities in question or who may be working toward the development of their own materials. It is also intended to provide source materials for students working on supplementary assignments or on personal school projects.

The bibliography lists mostly items about the Portuguese and the Cape-Verdeans. The list of newspapers and translated stories express the experience of the communities from their point of view and are addressed to their members. Less factual, less scientific, they provide the human dimension that "works about" frequently lack.

The main body of the materials we have produced and gathered is the four stories we have translated and to some extent modified into English. They should not be used until the student has some background in topics of ethnicity. The teacher who has a foundation in ethnicity will know how to use these stories in a classroom. We have suggested some topics for discussion to supplement each story. The teacher will undoubtedly want to add others.

We make no bones about the perfection, nor about the completion of these materials. One year is not enough. Much remains to be done. The bibliography needs to be added to, the translations may need revision and perhaps further modifications. The newspapers need to be searched, indexed and, to some extent, translated. We suggest that part of ehtnic studies is a knowledge of the community's language. After all, language is what holds a community together and gives it its distinct identity. When the language dies, the community disappears.

COSME FROM THE UPPER DOURO by J. Rodrigues Miguéis

translation by Gregory McNab

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"Look!" said someone in my group as we entered the club's bar. "Don't you want to meet him? Well, there he is!"

And he pointed out to me a man over six feet tall who was standing, leaning against the bar, a glass of beer next to him, surrounded by friends, talking. I recognized him right away: I had seen him sometime back, leading a parade, proudly carrying a huge banner which the wind stretched and snapped, as if it wanted to tear the banner from his firm hands. After that, I'd heard many people talk about Cosme. And there he was. I looked him over closely before going up to him. He was ruddy and slim, with the broad shoulders of an athlete. His head was almost delicate, well set on his lean neck. His hair, which was light brown, accented the sincerity of his small, dark, lively eyes, of his laughter, of his smooth voice. He was talking loudly with the exuberance of our northern hill people, in wide expressive gestures, and the men around listened to him avidly and laughed with him. He was well dressed in a good-looking suit which let one see the muscular flexibility of a worker. Cosme radiated strength and contentment.

When they introduced us, he shook my hand vigorously and put his left hand fraternally on my shoulder. At the same time we both said:

"Pleasure to meet you."

Then he offered me a glass of beer, which I refused, taking a chance on offending him.

"Thanks anyway, but I've just finished eating with some

friends and I've had plenty."

Cosme laughed a bit ironically.

"Don't look a gift horse in the mouth. What kind of man are you, anyway? Gon on. Drink up. I've had ten here and I don't know how many more with dinner and not even my hand shakes."

And it didn't shake. Cosme could hold his own as could all the other pick and shovel workers, used to watering the roads, bridges and railroads of America with the sweat of their brow under the harsh summer sun or in the bitter cold of winter. I felt small and I drank to his health. Everybody there joined me. Afterwards, we drank another round for the 'cause'

"Here we only drink to the good cause," Cosme added seriously. "And we have to keep this club from going under."

I liked him right off the bat and I think he felt the same way about me. It is a consolation, and it makes me proud, to find way out here a Portuguese like that, smiling and healthy. When the party was going good and strong, he asked me to step out for a breath of fresh air. Our people like the open air and detest work and play indoors where the air is stifling.

"We've already done what we could," said Cosme. "Now it's up to them. Tony'll be on the lookout."

We left the people inside to their vira, fados , passa-calhes and raffles, and strolled out into Greenwich Village. Afterwards we went up Sixth Avenue. A tepid, slow October

drizzle was falling. Cosme wore no hat. He willingly told me about his life and what he did. It was a pleasure to hear him. He had been born in Barqueiros, on the Douro, and he told me he had been in America for about twelve years.

"Since I was twenty-one," he added carefully.

So he must have been about thirty-three, although he looked older.

"How do you like it here?" I asked, wishing right then I hadn't.

Cosme glanced at me quickly and laughed.

"How do I like it here? Not a bad question!"

We walked on in silence and then he answered softly.

"Obviously I like it. If I didn't, I wouldn't be staying. But don't ask me if I like it better than back home. That's not a fair question. When I left home, I didn't know how to read or write. My old lady was poor, she could never send me to school. Where I lived, they didn't even have one. The closest was seven long miles away , by goat-trails. The school was really for rich kids. I didn't have shoes, nor money to buy them. Young as I was, my mother needed my help. They say over there that kids do little work, but they're needed. The first thing I did when I got here was to learn to read and write on my own..."

He stopped and took a book out of his pocket. It was one of Junqueiro's poems.

"I always carry it with me. I know almost the whole thing by heart."

He put the dog-eared book in his pocket and went on.

"Yessir, I like books, I've always liked them, even before I could read. At home, we had a very old book in a nice binding, where my grandfather learned everything he knew. The Home Encyclopedia. I brought it with me when I came to America, hoping I too would one day learn it by heart. It's an old book, falling apart. I've kept it."

"He could now read Portuguese fluently, make his way through Spanish and speak English well enough to deal with companions who were not Portuguese and with the bossas -- that's what they call the bosses in Luso-American slang.

"I was about fifteen when that saintly woman bought me a pair of yellow shoes. They were too big for my feet -- the first and only ones I owned there -- just for going to mass or to a fair. I grew, quickly became a man. The shoes stayed the same size and got too tight for my feet. To walk in them, I had to use a cane to lean on. God forgive me, but not even Our Lord, carrying his cross, sweating blood and water, suffered more than I suffered to go to mass on Sundays, to see the girls. My Sunday best, just one outfit, out of coarse wool. She bought it for me at the fair, with what I earned working. But it was only for special occasions...."

He smiled and wiped the rain off his face with his hand.

"Poor thing! She did her darndest to make me a working man. And I have to give her credit, she never forced me to go to confession, or for catechism lessons. And she never

missed her masses, no sir!"

"What did you do in the old country?"

Cosme looked at me with real surpirse, as if there were something basic I didn't know. Then he stretched out his two long arms, robust as two cables, in front of him and closest his knotty fists.

"I was a boatman, what else would I have been?! A Douro boatman. Except for some time in pruning and grape harvesting (I had to, but I didn't like it. It's woman's work), I was always a boatman. Like my father and my grandfather and everybody else like me. That's life for you! We used to go upstream to Peso da Régua, get the barrels of wine and take them down to Vila Nova de Gaia. Days and nights doing that work, almost never eating or drinking, fighting the Douro current with the strength of our arms (you know it?) so the rabelo wouldn't smash against some rock. Some of them are sharp as razors! We were ragged, barefoot, our feet burned and scraped to bleeding whenever it was necessary to pull on the tow rope, upstream against the current... That was man's work, yessir, for real men, 'cause not just anyone could do it.

Our food was dry, sometimes moldy bread, with a wedge of cheese or a handfull of olives, when God granted, or a rancid sardine. In the summer you wouldn't believe the sun and how thirsty we'd get! You know what we'd do then? We'd open a little hole with a drill in one of the casks, and the wine would come out like a golden thread in the sun!"

He stopped on his way, wiped his lips with his hand and turned his face to the rain, which was softly falling.

"And there we'd be, mouths open, each waiting his turn to drink up the spurt warmed by the sun. With the rocking of the boat, the wine would drip down our chests and soak our raggedy clothes. We'd wind up sticky from the sweet stuff. And happy! We laughed a lot... That blessed wine harvested from the mountains by sweat and suffering was good like the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. For us it was the water and the bread and the force of the boat. It helped us forget misery and hunger. When we'd had enough, we plugged the hole bakc up with a chunck of hard bread. One of us would play the pipes or a harmonica, and the rest would throw themselves into the work like lions."

Cosme laughed softly.

"Could there still be people who call that stealing? Hard work, poverty, boards for a bed, starvation wages -- stealing? We thought it was the most natural thing in the world.."

It was quiet, and Cosme got serious again.

"Yes. I went hungry and did without a lot of things. A pack-mule wouldn't have put up with as much as I did. With a flock of younger brothers and sisters crying for food... And no hope of leaving the situation. To buy another pair of shoes or another wool suit meant at least three years of work. And wasn't a man supposed to marry? Who talks about such things? There in the Douro mountains, the

river raging down below and the blue sky hanging overhead, a pretty sight!, but it all weighed on my chest like coffin boards...

One day, I heard someone talking about America: gold was kicked around, you ate your fill, didn't have to work too hard and workers all went around in automobiles. It was enough to make a saint's mouth water. That night, I didn't sleep. I couldn't get the thought out of my mind. And I couldn't rest easy until I left home. But I waited for years! Gold is something I've never seen here. It must be very carefully guarded. Work, yes, on bridges and roads. No one to complain to, God knows, except myself. Even when the good life seemed a million miles away, I always found work. Why else does a man have two arms, tell me! Work never bothered me, thanks to that saintly old woman's teaching.

Now, in our country, people slave away their whole lives and never get out of the same old rut. When a man dies, withered up like an animal, he goes straight to the grave in the same suit and shoes he wore when he got married. He never drags his belly from misery. People never even lift their heads to the gentry and cultured folk who drink our sweat and eat the marrow from our bones! Here, well, you can see for yourself. With my week's pay I can wear clothes from head to toe, underwear even! I can read my book, invite a friend to dinner and go to a show. I live the way I want to and don't have to account to anyone or go with hat in hand to ask a favor from my master. I work

as much as two, it's true, but I am my own master. I don't own any money, and no one owes me any. I'm free. And you can stand there and ask me if I like it here!"

• • • • •

When I got to bed that night, it was past three. It was hard to get to sleep. Obviously, without my knowing it, Cosme had opened my eyes to many things that until then I hadn't understood. It's not enough to have principles and convictions. You have to live in the reality of men to see how those beliefs work...

After that, we met many times. One day he said to me:

"Don't think that the abundance of this country is the only thing I like. It's a lot, but it's not the only thing. My eyes aren't closed to what goes on here. I know about the lines of people out of work waiting for a bowl of soup of a cup of coffee, about the rackets, the crooked cops and the rest... There's that and more! That's America for you: there are a lot of people who take both the good and the bad of it, hang on or let go. Either people fight for what's rightfully theirs, or they don't and lose out. But they can fight and that's the most important thing for a man like me. You can't solve all the world's problems at once. But you can always do something, see? The things you like have a high price. Hunger taught me that! But the right to complain, to better our lot is worth even more. That's true freedom, a fight, a battle to win every day..."

He stopped in the middle of his rented room where I had

gone to visit him, as if he were trying to get the exact words to say what he was thinking.

"What I see here is the promise, the seed of the future, of a society organized for man, not against him. And believe you me, there's nothing I wouldn't do to stay here and help!"

His eyes were shining. With his hand, he caressed some multi-colored brochures lying on a pine shelf. He smiled and turned toward me with a vague expression of resentment.

"If at least our people would open their eyes and see! America for them is money: dollars, dollars! That's all they think about. Some live well. it's true, but it's as if they live only for the things money can buy. And many don't even know they are in the land of comfort and hygiene. They live like animals in seedy boarding-houses, no bathrooms or heating. They don't spend a penny if they don't have to, they never go to a meeting, don't read a newspaper! They hate the unions and think they're all the same racket. They work like dogs, eat badly, save for years, and for what? Their ambition is to go home rich to buy land and spend the rest of their lives living off the sweat of others. They want to be country gentlemen, just like the ones back home. They want to go from exploited to exploiter. And they'll put up with anything. They renege solidarity and struggle, just to save some paltry sum. Go talk to them about politics! Or about liberty! They'll call you a .... Ah!"

He made a gesture and a face and began walking around again.

"They don't even know how to be grateful to those who gave them freedom and life, and still give because of all our rights. They came here as slaves and they'll go back as slaves. But some, who thought they were rich, hurry back. The gentry and the sly-ones steal them blind. And rich relatives, jealousy and grabbiness... No forgets they're rich. And maybe they're right. After all it's a priviledge to live here, and the ones who stayed home, poor things, in need, could only be jealous. It's a big world, and there'd be enough for everybody if we only knew how to share it. Money and the things it buys should only do to lift us up and give us dignity. From there on up, money is humanity's poison..."

Cosme looked straight at me.

"You know Frank Souza, fellow on the docks? He's crippled for the rest of his life because he told the truth. Imagine, to get work as a stevador you have to pay the dock boss, who's always in with the owners and union racketeers. Our Portuguese, very humble, used to asking hat in hand, would offer a box of cigars to the Italian, with gloves on, a ten or twenty dollar bill inside. They kept the union going and still bought the right to work. And they think that's right, to take a job from a contryman, for money, they think it's right! The sons of bitches... Sometimes the bosses give them a week or two of work, and then fire them.

The money they make in those two weeks is barely enough to make up what they paid to get the job! Do you understand?

There are others in line, waiting their turn with a cigar box and a bill. Frank saw this and didn't like it. Besides, it's against the law. All by himself, he went to talk to the Assistant District Attorney, told him everything. The Assistant DA said to him: 'Listen, Frank, if you bring me two witnesses who'll testify to this to a grand jury, you're worth your weight in gold. We'll clean the gangsters and racketeers off the waterfront.' He went off and tried to get two friends who'd make a statement to the District Attorney. They all hid, he didn't find a one! Fear. Not just fear. It's easier to accept this feudalism than to fight! That's what keeps the racketeers going... And you can always get shot. It's like I say. They only want the advantages, but no taking chances. That's not for them. All we want are your dollars.

Frank tried hard. He walked the docks passing out leaflets and getting the men together for a meeting. He was threatened several times by Sullivan's body-guards. Sullivan's the big man on the docks. 'Do you want to go down river?' Many have. One fine morning, he was standing alone at the entrance to the Clyde-Mallory line's pier. Over one hundred Portuguese work there. A group of men came straight at him. He stuck to his guns. There was nowhere to go. He grabbed hold of a lamp-post. 'I'm not leaving, you'll have to kill me first.' They jumped him.. Not a single countryman lifted a hand. There was a policeman at the corner and he saw what was going on, but he turned around and went off in the other

direction. The cops don't want to deal with gangsters. Their palms are nice and greased! Souza was left out cold. Then he spent three months in a hospital, bones all bound up. Then he got arthritis and was finished, as far as working was concerned. Now he makes toys for a living, sitting down, an invalid. They even say his wife left him and took to drugs, that she hangs around bars at night... "That's life, that's the struggle. But nothing ventured, nothing gained!"

Those and other similar opinions had given Cosme, with his strain of utopianism, the reputation of being a radical among his countrymen, for whom the jingle of money in their pockets was the supreme goal and the only salvation of the oppressed in this world. For them humiliation was an easy price to pay for food in their bellies.

Far be it for me to say Cosme was perfect, a saint. He was only a man, an everyday being, genuine, sincere, an exalted idealist, sometimes rude. You could say about him what he'd say about America: there was good and bad, and to have the good in men, wouldn't you say, you have to take them the way they are, with their bad and good points, in the hope of being able to better them. Little by little, at meetings and in informal conversations, I was putting together the portrait of this battler.

He was impulsive and hot-tempered. His love for justice sometimes blinded him. But even in his most poorly thought out moves, he showed himself generous. Once, at work, he

caught a truck driver stealing a worker's tool.

"Drop it!"

He grabbed the other's arm so herd it was limp when he let go.

"You bastard, stealing a fellw worker's tool, his bread and butter."

This impulsive act cost Cosme an arm and a leg in doctor bills and hospital fees.

"The thief needed a lesson he wouldn't forget," he said.

He paid up willingly. The other, with a broken arm, couldn't work for weeks.

That was Cosme for you. He had a sense of humor, he could take a joke. One day he got it into his head to ride a mata-cecla, as he called it. He had several accidents, one of which left a scar on his scalp. Once he went off the road in Yonkers, hit a lamp-post and knocked over at the base. When he got to court, the judge, who already knew him from past incidents, but liked him anyway, told him as he passed sentence:

"Look, Cosme, if I send you to jail for two years, you're going to cost the state a lot of money, and a term in jail won't do you any good because you're incorrigible. I can only see one thing to do, and that is to sentence you to ride only a motorcycle. Sooner or later, you'll bash your brains in and we'll relax!"

Cosme laughed and paid the fine and damages. He never again got on the machine.

* * * * * *

At the time we met, the specter of oppression was beginning to grow on the face of Europe and the rest of the world. The edifice of democracy was cracking and wavering dangerously. The second world war loomed on the horizon. Cosme, conscious of the tragedy developing overseas, and feeling personally threatened by it, was burning with impatience. For him, fascism's meaning was clear. It signified the triumph of those who had kept him hungry, in ignorance and in misery, and not only him, but also uncounted millions throughout the world. It was the perpetuation of the evils of humanity, the death of hope and struggle. The threat menaced his adopted land as well, the homeland of his hero, Lincoln. He learned to read History's warnings and decided to awaken his people from the apathy in which they vegetated. He made many moral and material sacrifices to enlighten those who, having eyes to see, were blind; and, having ears to listen, were deaf. He became a jovial, pleasant organized. He joined clubs, helped start others, spoke at meetings and assemblies, travelled miles to visit Portuguese communities, marched in parades, signed petitions, discussed ideas, copied and memorized pages from books and exorted his fellow workers to fight the agressor and help the oppressed. In spite of living far from New York City, he was always ready to take part in a festa where his presence and vitality encourgaed others. If he couldn't sell a pamphlet, he gave it away and paid for it out of his own pocket. In this, he was a champion. Even his strongest

opponents would take his 'literature'. Scrupulous about paying bills, he never paid attention to expenses. Many times, a hard-earned dollar was spent to get a twenty cent contribution. But he always came back with a triumphant smile and would say with childish obstinence:

"You see, don't you? We have to educate them, teach them to see and think to get organized."

But ideas don't get into human brains as easily as a pneumatic drill does into the concrte of a road. The animal-man is not always easy to convince. Portuguese, and as such a perfectionist, Cosme would get depressed when he'd see that clear evidence, the facts, the reading, the preaching, left so many men indifferent to their own best interests. He felt that words ought to be enough to make them see what to him was already patently obvious.

He began to get annoyed. More than once he used names like 'rats', 'yellow', 'traitor', 'turncoats' for men whose greatest fault was ignorance or fear. He was losing his patience. He, who was cordiality personified, started fights and made enemies. One night, he and I left a tumultouos assembly where the cause he served lost by an important vote. He felt abandoned, worse: repudiated and defeated. He was aware of his ideological error, of abstract sectarianism and judged himself harshly.

"I'm stubborn, bull-headed. I fly off the handle for the sleightest reason and in society, a person cannot do that. Why did I talk like that, tell me. I wanted to convince them, and

when all was said and done, I turned them against me. It's a shame because there's so much to do. Maybe it's because I'm from Trás-os-Montes!"

"Tony is also from Trás-os-Montes and he doesn't get so excited."

"True, but the thing's out of control. I just can't put up with stupidity or hypocrisy!"

"Men only learn through experience and not always. Patience, Cosme, is the arm of the strong-minded, of the far-seeing..."

He was quiet for a while and then turned, calm.

"You know what I say to you? From now on, I'll do my job, and that's it. No more speeches at meetings. Lopes is right when he says it's better to be quiet. And I have my own problem, which I haven't told you about."

He really had a problem and a serious one at that. Still loving his homeland, he had taken it into his head to be naturalized an American. Whether it was because somebody had told him to or because he was uneasy being a simple resident with no p litical rights, I don't know. Perhaps he wanted to be equal, part of something greater than himself. I know of no one who fought so obstinately to realize a dream. But only somebody who has lived and worked among immigrants can understand. One night, we were at a Portuguese club in New Jersey, talking a lot of us about illegal immigrants.

At one point, Cosme said, "if we count them, half of us here are illegal!"

The others laughed and didn't deny it. It was true. At

that time, there were a lot of men in the United States illegally. Cosme was one of them, but he never told me when, where or how he came in. One day he was turned in by some enemy or rival and locked up. Among those men without women, denunciation is almost motivated by jealousy.

Immigration authorities told him to give good cause why he should not be deported. But whether the case needed extensive investigation or because the officials sympathized with that rough partisan of 'free America', the truth is that they sent him off, telling him to go back to Portugal of his own volition. It goes without saying he didn't go. He stayed while others, here before him perhaps, were deported.

He was ready to fill out the first papers, that is the declaration of intention to seek citizenship. If, among other things, he could prove he disembarked in the United States before June, 1924, and had done military service in Portugal, American law would allow him to leave and return on an immigrant visa, obtained from a United States consul abroad. Only then could he begin the long procedure to naturalization.

Well, it seems he couldn't prove any of those things. He went around filling out forms, always being put off. Tired of dealing with him, the immigration people gave him some friendly advice:

"If you come back with another request, you run the risk of being arrested again; if you make us bring up your case, no one can keep you from visiting your mother!"

Blushing and smiling in his sing-song English, Cosme

retorted presumptuously:

"Well, since you haven't made me a citizen, I won't let you rest. I came to this country of my own free will, I like it, I make a living, I want to stay here. I don't owe anything to anybody. I've committed no crime, I haven't spent a day in the hospital I haven't paid for. If you deport me, I'll come back in from Canada or from Mexico, or I'll jump ship and swim here. I learned to swim on the Douro!"

They laughed and sent him on his way.

* * * * * *

Work, worries and for a long time I didn't see him. Meanwhile, things happened: there was the Munich Agreement, the invasion of Poland, Paris fell, the Germans moved west. America, defenseless, was on the brink of disaster. The outlook was gloomy and often when I saw men parading by in swastikas, I wondered what Cosme would say to all of this.

Then one day he showed up and he was upset. We discussed the situation and found we agreed completely. Cosme summed it up.

"Now that it won't be too long before America is also attacked, I want more than ever to become a citizen. What kind of place is it if they put me in jail or deport me without giving me a chance to get into action against those pirates? Huh? No sir. I want you to take me to a good lawyer. I've sweated to get what I need, but I have all the papers."

I took him to a lawyer I knew, a dependable fellow who specialized in immigration matters,and left him there. I didn't want to know the details. Cosme furnished him with the documents and affidavits he requested. A month and a half later, I heard he was back. He had gone to Cuba to legalize his status. Triumphantly, falling apart with laughter, an immigrant visa in hand and ready to fill out the first papers.

Then suddenly he dropped out of sight. After some months, the lawyer called me into his office. He was furious. What the hell kind of man had I introduced him to? Cosme had lied! The police were after him, and where was he?

"I don't deal with such people!"

Then I heard, with some surprise, the following account: When they saw him return from Cuba, a legal immigrant, the authorities wondered how he managed to prove the impossible. They sent to Portugal for verification of his exact age and other details, and concluded that from far away, he had obtained by persistence and money, a birth certificate which showed him to be three or four years older than he really was. He had dug up witnesses and forged documents to show he had been living and working in the United States since 1923. Neither he nor his witnesses appeared before the authorities, who were convinced he had entered no earlier than 1925, younger than his papers indicated. It meant some years in prison for all of them, deportation or perhaps worse.

How should I know where Cosme had gotten himself to?! I tried to explain to the lawyer that men like Cosme, used to generations of oppressors, try to find a loophole in an unjust law, because they have no other way. The law for them is exploitation. Pretending, hiding, smuggling are their defenses. How can we judge them by our standards? We have to see them in terms of their world. But the lawyer worried only about his own reputation and standing, and was going to listen to no excuses. The law is the law!

I left his office impatiently thinking: could Cosme have been disillusioned. America, which he loved, was refusing to accept him and turning down his peculiar sacrifice in the name of legal technicalities. Knowing him well, I was sure that he was not the sort of man to break the law for money. If he had come here around 1776, he would have been a revolutionary hero, another Peter Francisco. His case transcended the current standards and understanding of people used to seeing the Law respected (when it is!). But could Justice recognize that he had acted with the best intentions to serve his adopted country? Patriots like him are always looked on with suspicion by right-thinking people.

I tracked him for about a month until one day I found him in Mineola, where he was in hiding.

"So, Cosme, what did I do to make you avoid me?"

I saw him blush, try vainly try to explain, and I laughed.

"What did you do? Why are you running?"

I went in and closed the door.

That was when he blew his top:

"And what the hell did you expect me to do? Let them take me and deport me? There's nobody to help me, who cares about Cosme, the'Portygee'? Look what happened to the others! Even the Association wouldn't listen! We're a tiny minority, no prestige, no votes! We're all alone! Now if I had gone to see Vito Marcantonio instead of listening to unscrupulous people! Yes sir, I came here at nineteen, a fugitive, so what! I got here in 1925m and so? What difference does it make? I've put in fifteen years working here. Isn't that enough for a man to feel himself an American? It's just an accident I wasn't born here, like the others. I <u>wanted</u> to come, you see? I like it here and I want to stay. Steal? Kill? Not me. But I've spilled more blood and sweat from my body on the bridges, roads and ports of New York State than millions who were born here! I've slaved and suffered and been happy, yessir, <u>happy</u>! And these are as good reasons as being born here. I lied. So what! I didn't do it to hurt anyone. I didn't have the right to live and work -- and die, if that's what has to be done -- like any other citizen. Are you looking at me? I know what you must be thinking. Yes, I8d like to go back, but not to hunger and humiliation: to fight! What do you think I've worked for all these years? You know money doesn't mean anything to me. I spent my last dollar to get those people in Portugal who went out on a limb for me out of jail. If I go back overseas, it'll be to fight for the rights of man. To help overthrow those who want to

keep us hungry, ignorant and oppressed. When that's possible, I will go. But not before, not even alone!"

That's the way Cosme said it, red with indignation and eloquence, in his eyes a spark which had nothing to do with childish candor. And when I heard him, the blood in my veins pulsed with pride. In his sing-song voice, there was the sound of thundering prophecy. He was a fighter, ready to go, to bleed and die for what he believed in. And the 'land of the free' was turning him away. If I had been the judge to hear his case and this little room the court-room, he'd be acquitted right then and there, even though this might seem too sentimental. But sentiment is still one of the great forces of life.

Cosme knew perfectly well that to stay in America, to love her and serve her for her good qualities would be harder for him than it would for the law. He knew, because he had suffered for her and because of her. And once more, I felt that we cannot judge men and their actions according to the strict letter of the law. An action can be, technically speaking, illegal and yet the intentions behind it the best in the world. Many times we've seen intentional premeditating murderers be acquitted with applause because they killed for mercy or passion. And how many people are running loose in the world, free and prosperous, after having committed offenses and crimes infinitely worse than Cosme's?

I advised him, in the meantime, to go see the lawyer and take the consequences of his actions.

"You believe in justice, don't you? Well, okay, if you

make your case openly and confidently, I'm sure you'll be treated fairly."

I shook his hand and left. But deep down, I was afraid for him. He didn't talk like a conformist but rather like a man who puts the truth of his principles above all personal and preconceived considerations. He's what we call a partisan.

* * * * * *

Pearl Harbor had to happen for the Americans to get involved in the war. After some time, a friend told me that Cosme had volunteered for the service and that the deportations proceedings against him had been temporarily dropped. He was a soldier and he was going overseas. A group of friends had a farewell party for him and asked me to be there... They couldn't have kept me away!

I went to the dinner at the same club where we had met some years before. As soon as I came in Cosme was there, hands outstretched, a hearty laugh on his lips. He seemed to me more robust, healthier and taller than ever in his well-made khaki uniform. Military training had been good for him. We embraced.

"Didn't I tell you? I'm going back overseas, but I'm not going alone, nor with empty hands."

Now that he was a soldier, they could make him a citizen for sure, probably when he came back. The America of liberty would finally accept this believer, this true friend, and Cosme was happy beyond words.

After dinner, there were speeches. Cosme stood up to speak. He said -- and I remember his words to this day -- :

"I am satisfied because I am going to fight for what I believe in. There has to be way for us to prove we love democracy and freedom. If I go to the war against fascism, it's because I want to help destroy the suffering and wrong in this world. Before, I fought with words and the few pennies I had. But words are not enough. The battle needs our blood. I give mine freely and willingly. Believe what this impulsive Cosme tells you today, because you may never hear him say it again, and many of you wouldn't listen to him before. If I die over there, I die happy because I will have done what I had to and kept faith with myself. All of you, forgive any wrongs I've done. Thank you, I've had my say.

* * * * * *

...Then a few days ago, when I opened up a little community newspaper I cought the column 'Luso-Americans killed in action:' And down below these few words caused a knot in my throat and brought tears to my eyes: "António Cosme, age 37, resident of the Bronx, born Barqueiros, Douro, in action in North Africa."

SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Outline Portuguese settlement in the United States. Include:
   a. Chronology
   b. Place of origin and place of settlement
   c. Reasons for comming
   d. Other factors you consider relevant

2. Immigration policies of the United States which have helped or hindered Portuguese settlement here

3. The Portuguese "work ethic"

4. How to become a naturalized citizen

5. Successes and failures of U. S. authorities in dealing with Portuguese settlers and vice-versa

6. The economic endeavors of the Portuguese in your area

THE INAUGURATION by J. Rodrigues Miguéis

translation by Gregory McNab

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There's a lot of work going on in the new quarters, on the second floor, an indistrial loft with windows on one wall overlooking the street. It's just the place for the club, for parties, dances, raffles, meetings, speeches, singing. Two hundred people can fit here easily. The men are all over, sawing, planing, nailing, fitting, putting up the gold framing for the damask silk panels on the walls.

"So, aren't we entitled to some luxury? in the workers' club?"

"Of course, why of course, you're absolutely right."

Others set up the kitchen and the bar, touch up paint work, re-do the electrical set-up. One of them,who knows more, tests the microphone and the loudspeakers hung high up in the corners of the room. All of this is mixed in with arguements, differences of opinion and discussion, the way it always is with people who think with their heads.

"One man's opinion's just as good as another's!" says Costa, and it must be true.

But is it really? They went against Rola's advice and set up the platform, just a couple of feet off the floor, close to the entrance, where it almost blocks the door, instead of in the back of the room by the windows, leaving the doorway free. Later they'll regret it and wind up changing it around. There's nothing like experience to convince people! And nobody wants to antagonize them.

The big jug of red wine passes from hand to hand, mouth to mouth. They'll have to work well into the night, and the

wine helps. In the kitchen, Mrs. Carrelhas gets supper ready.

"Hold your tongue, boys!"

Hovering all over the place is the mixed smell of shellfish, onions, fresh wood and the healthy sweat of work.

"Come see, come over here and see. Now we've even got a decent bathroom, with a sink. It's too bad we can't have two, one for Women (or Ladies?) and one for Men (or Gentlemen?)."

Some people may not think so, but such things are important. They even had a debate, a serious debate as to whether they should address themselves formally, as do cultured, educated people, or informally, like the workers they are. They approved the informal way, which is less stuffy and more in accordance with our tradition, so say the older ones who remember what unions in Portugal were like.

The fellow who suggested the formal approach, poor man, pressed the point, and then got embarassed. They laughed at him, and he resigned. He won't be back. Such nonsense! He joined another more respectable club. A group of conformists, where there's not difference of opinion, because there's no opinion. There's where the 'ladies' of the community, up-right store keepers and women who like to hang around bars go.

One night, and this happened while we were still at the other place, in walked Lazeira, a short woman from the Minho, fresh and pretty with great big eyes, the widow of a Portuguese boctlegger who died at sea fighting the Feds, a hero! She was a lady of the night, on the make for customers. She

speaks English well enough, but, oh my friends, if she comes out in Portuguese, it's enough to send people running. She never came back to our place, the other club fits her better. Anyway, that same night, in came one of those guys to see what was going on, or maybe somebody brought him in by mistake. It must have been around one in the morning. The men were in the kitchen-bar when they heard a loud noice and all came running to see what happened. This guy had fallen asleep, bent over the chairs, and his pistol, an iron this big, had fallen out of his pocket. They made it clear that bums and hoods weren't welcome, just working people.

Well, things are getting there. The place'll be opened on Sunday, so there's no time to waste. The pamphlets are printed and ready. Leituga calls it 'imprinted'. All we have to do is mail them out. That's what we'll do tonight. A person's just got to think about everything, even after a whole day's work.

And what about Roque, he hasn't been in today? At this time, I don't think he'll come. Last night he was here, but he left before midnight. Maybe he's sick, he was complaining about a pain and coughing... Yes, he looked pale to me. Why doesn't he go see the club's doctor? What do we pay him for?

See a doctor?! Come on now! A man like that, in the prime of life, healthy as a horse! That's what Lampas says. It's probably a little cold he caught when he was working here. Winter and him without gloves, lugging around lumber and iron bars, like ice! Not many'd do that... But cachaça'll

cure anything. I've even seen him with a flask in his pocket. The best kind, pure, like we make it up in the Bronx. No medicine like it...

But there's no Roque yet, and Lampas glances around, his eyes oblique, small, upset, inquiring. They're friends, from the same place, they both come from the mountains. We're neighbors in Harlem.

"Well, does he live alone? Isn't he married, by God's law or man's?"

He's married, yes, but separated. And that Peruvian woman who came around looking for him, well! They lived together for a few years, but her jealousy made his life miserable. He got tired of putting up with her. Now he's got himself an Italian, a nice pretty girl who really loves him. And he loves her. Let's be honest. He's good-looking, hard-working and has a way about him! He's never without a woman. Okay, but they don't live together. That's life. Can you believe it? A married man...

* * * * * *

Most of them were peasants from every part of the country: Beira, Minho, Algarve. Not many from the islands, just a couple from Madeira. Almost all were laborers and stevadores. More than a hundred on just the Clyde-Mallory Line's docks. Sonia, a Russian Jew who worked there used to say they were good men. Above all, they worked in excavations, demolitions,

bridge and road work, in restaurants and cafeterias, although they all preferred working outdoors, better for one's health.

Few of them had any real skills. There were gardners, who were much sought out by well-to-do suburban American families, some construction carpenters. Others had come from the factories. The Massachusetts textile crisis was sending the mill workers to New York and New Jersey. In general, they were unattached men, no wife, no family, no home, living in boarding houses, on the long dark streets of the Lower East Side, the West Side of the Village, near the docks, even in Harlem. And former sailors, one of them, Costa, from the Navy. He was lively, impulsive, gallant, a lover of wine and cards. He had served in Africa under Cerqueira's command and had gone back there later, exiled by Sidónio Pais. Some were or appeared old, like Bexiga and Galeão, both from the Algarve.

Their strength was admirable. How could they all endure so much? Those who lived far, in the suburbs, like Cosme, and even those who lived in town, would get up at four or five in the morning and take hours to go miles, soaking wet in some old jalopy, to work or to the club. They wouldn't miss a meeting. Hard lives!

One night, Lampa came in with his right hand bandaged.

"They jumped me, a whole gang! But I'm from the mountains, you know. I grabbed the knife of one of them and took it away. I cut my fingers, but he's in the hospital and won't be out so soon either."

And good old Fernandes: he was going into a pool-room on 110 St., and they jumped him, beat him up and took his whole week's pay. Because he got his trachea fractured, he's been going around without any voice. No one helped him, and the pool-room was full!

Correia was drawn to the side of those sincere men, who, even though sometimes violent, were basically good and generous. The surroundings aggravated their roughness without giving them anything new or better than bread and a certain amount of freedom. It wasn't insignificant! They helped him perhaps to have a personality or function in surroundings which were strange or even hostile and where he didn't belong, was a nobody. It was as if he needed their company to feel complete, at one with his conscience and his fate. They strengthened him. Satisfying love was no longer enough for him. He was looking for resignation, sacrifice, identification with the others. And where would he find it if not with them?

Maria encouraged him, went with him when she could, worked with him. She saw him happy, and perhaps that was what made him stay with her. After a day of back-breaking work and a quick,meager dinner, he'd run off to his meetings, to the discussions where he'd see the tiny spark of understanding in those brains warmed by work, fatigue, liquor at times, anger always. His enthusiasm was endless. Coming back to the bare house late at night, he'd wake her up to tell her, bursting with enthusiasm, how well everything had gone, how

they reacted... Everything seemed easy, theory and the struggle, although victory was far off. He'd closed his eyes to the risk and to the consequences. Fragile, sensitive, nervous, he made himself heard and respected by them.

In the beginning, Roque had been suspicious of him because he wore ties and a white shirt. There was even one of the group who followed and kept an eye on him for a while. But Roque, too, had become Correia's friend.

Correia was a good-looking man, medium complexion, deep set, sullen eyes under a broad shining forehead. Almost everybody respected or admired him. He was trying to ransom himself, to redeem himself from the 'intellectual' or 'literary' sin.

"Intelligence is in action!" he'd say and repeat. He was giving them the example of his devotion to the cause. No task was beneath him. Ever since he discovered them (someone had brought him a card with the name and address of the 'Tuna-Clube' in some drinking place down-town) he did a bit of everything. He wrote their by-laws, chaired their discussions, organized their work committees, talked to them about parliamentary procedure (Tony dug up the book somewhere), presided or served as secretary, took the minutes, made contacts. He composed manifestos, pamphlets, programs and menus, sold brochures and newspapers alongside them, made speeches, designed posters, helped with decorations and cleaning up, even sold beer at at the bar...

One day, he offered to help cook supper with his secret

recipe for shellfish. Costa protested vehemently.

"What the hell, one man can't know everything!"

Correia changed his mind. He'd gone too far. To do all that would be to take away from them the importance and satisfaction of their work, to downgrade them, to offend them. How practice makes perfect! How much one can learn in the company of men!

Enamoured or intoxicated with fraternity and action, ideas and doctrines, one Sunday he spoke for two hours to tell them the life and works of a great man of thought and action. They listened to him respectfully and when he was finished, gave him a warm round of applause. But no one asked questions; they were instinctively passive.

He had one ambition: for his men to be recognized and respected. Already some were beginning to talk about them. And him they considered representative. But that's all he wanted, conformed as he was to being a section of the group. Had he wanted to be something more, a leader? At the same time, he was completely humble and he loved those men with a father-son love, as if he came from them and wanted to go back to them.

It's around four, winter and almost dark. A friend arrives from Uptown and goes straight to Lampas.

"Bad news about Roque!"

"And what is it?"

"This morning the landlady at his rooming-house wondered why he didn't come down. She went up with a cup of coffee

for him, but there was no answer when she knocked. So she opened the door and found him in bed, burning up with fever, breathing heavily. He couldn't talk. He was almost unconscious. She called an ambulance right away. They took him to Welfare Island Hospital. Double pneumonia..."

The man hesitates, wanting to say 'lobar', but he can't get it out.

The group becomes sad, they decide to stop work and discuss the situation.

"Are we going to leave Roque there, all alone?"

"We can't stop work now!" bellows Costa. "Name a committee to visit him -- you, Lampas, Leituga and Cardão! That's enough! We need the rest of you here!"

"But no visitors are allowed evenings."

"Well then, tomorrow morning, early! Dammit. At least we can ask how he is, send him a message, let him know we're with him. Make him understand. And doesn't he have his girl-friend? He's in good hands. Has anyone told her?"

The hammering begins again vigorously, the saws buzz, the drills hum, the nails squeak in the wood. Dinner-time comes. Mrs. Carrelhas' rice is lip-smacking good. They wash it down well. Later in the evening, the platform for the orquestra and speakers will be finished. Everthing's going to be ready on time, don't worry. The inauguration'll be a big hit, the others'll be green with envy.

The night passes quickly. People are getting exhausted, their voices sound irritated. Lampas' eyes look tired and

worried

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Friday afternoon, the weather lets up a bit. The damask panels are up. All that's left to do is finish the decorations: streamers, colored little paper flags, balloons around the lamps. The bar's ready, the paint's already dry, but the tub for the beer's still needed and the ice, too. How many barrels did they order? The purchasing committee is really busy. And the supper? Will it be kid-goat or roast pig? Somebody suggests a bacalhoada. Costa's in favor of the roast pork.

"Let's see if we can buy a quarter section. I hope the market isn't closed yet!"

His idea is the best liked: roast pork, rice with clams, just like yesterday.

"Free? Well of course. You don't want to make the guests pay, at the inauguration party, do you? Let those people eat until they burst... Okay! Nobody sleeps tonight, fellas. Let's finish the job."

Leituga sticks his fat hand into his pants pocket, takes out a roll of bills and throws it on the table. Somebody has to set an example and help the cause. After all, what's money for? A week's pay...

With the chairs placed against the walls, all around, the place even looks like a ballroom at the Royal Palace. It was when they were still at the other place that they got the chairs. One night, it was past one, they went to an old

abandoned shoe store on Sixth Avenue. There must have been eight or ten who went along, guided by Jasmim, because it was his idea.

"I know where they are, all we have to do is go get them."

Jasmim was no fool. Did he have the key or was the store open? In the half-light of the street, which was deserted at that time, the parade of men-ghosts, smiling, carrying the lines of armchairs with folding seats, like in a movie theater, used but still comfortable and in good condition, what luxury! They were laughing on the side...

The chairs go almost all the way around the room. And since there was no money in the treasury, no one had asked where they came from. 'Sagesse oblige!'

Lampas approaches Correia.

"Friend, you speak good English. See if there's anyone down in the candy-store so you can call the Hospital. With all this work and no sleep, we almost forgot about him! See how he is and when we can go see him. His woman is probably there with him, but still... And don't worry, we'll all go together. And on Sunday, before the party. Visits all afternoon!"

The three of them, Lampas, Cardão, Rola, go with Correia. They enter the dimly-lit candy-store, which smells like mold and cold tobacco, and go toward the telphone booths in the back. Out in the street, it's night-time. Correia looks in the phone book and dials the Hospital number. The others look in from outside the booth, as at a fish in an

aquarium. He waits and listens to the far away ringing... They're taking so long to answer!

"Hello?"

He asks for the information, the name's Roque, R-O-Q-U-E. The hurried, mechanical, professional voice of the woman on the other end seems to come from another world. She answers something he doesn't quite hear -- there are a lot of voices in the background.

"There's no way I can understand those people!"

He hangs up the receiver hesitantly and gestures to his friends outside to be patient. They look in anxiously, trying to guess what he says, perhaps what he heard... A few moments go by.

"Dammit, why did we wait so long. We should've gone yesterday!"

He calls again, listens to the same far off ringing. How long they take to answer! The same voice finally answers.

"Hello."

He repeats the question. "I'm sorry, I didn't get that," he says.

Crisp and casual, the voice hammers at him.

"I just told that Tomé Roque died fifteen minutes ago!"

She hangs up.

He feels himself go pale, he hangs up the receiver.

"How the devil am I going to... it's going to be a real blow... Could they suspect, have they already figured it out?"

He opens the door slowly.

"Well?"

"Well, my friends, I'm very sorry, but... I even called a second time, thought I misunderstood. Now I see I understood the first time, but I refused to believe it. Our comrade passed away fifteen minutes ago. They're going to take him to the mortuary."

Cardão lowers his head without talking. Rola is quiet, too. Lampas' hands are at his chest, it hurts. He moans, bending over.

"Oh, my God!"

His face is straight off Nuno Gonçalves' painting: tanned and dark, an acute triangle, now withdrawn like a boiled fig. Even his nose looks longer.

"How am I going to...?"

It's not just for his dead companion and friend that he weeps. It's for this long, solitary life, with its threats, its obscure death, its lack of greatness, of family and company in a hospital where they don't understand you. A sauce of symptoms and pus. It doesn't take long for a body to..."

Correia's throat is dry. How much it hurts him to see them suffer so, to suffer with them, to be one of them.

Back at the Club, the news spreads, work stops. Taken by surprise, the men cannot believe it. The death of a friend is like being orphaned unexpectedly. Costa is suddenly calm and serious.

"Maybe they made a mistake, that in the Hospital they..

Not so. Unfortunately the nurse at the Hospital repeated the information. And now what do they do? Some of them are mumbling. They all feel a bit to blame, but nobody knows exactly what to do.

Rola raises his hand. A simple gesture, just in time, which seems to make them remember what they have to do and what the group means. Motionless and attentive all around, they are a gallery of figures carved in the brownstone of old cathedrals: faces burned by sun and cold, furrowed by work, sleepless nights, efforts and amassed sorrows.

"Everybody on the board of directors is here, right? Let's suppose an emergency meeting has just been called. Tony, you take down the minutes, o. k. ? I want to make a motion."

They all wait silently.

"I move, first: that the inauguration party be put off until we can set a new date and that we send a cancellation notice immediately to all members and guests. Second: that the funeral of our friend Roque leave on the same day, the day after tomorrow, Sunday, from here, the Club's new quarters."

Tony's voice, trembling with emotion: " second Rola's motion."

There is the whispering sound of held back sobs.

Serious, brusque, his chin trembling, Cardão moves up with his hand outstretched: "That motion, that proposal... will be etched here in my heart!" He stops and cries openly.

A loud round of applause rings out like wood being hammered. "Approved by acclamation!" Carrelhas, an open hearted Galician, watches them, his eyes watery to overflowing. Everybody likes the idea. Someone has found the way to express what was in those hearts strangled by frustration and suffering, sensitive under the hard crust of necessity.

The men split up. Some keep on working. Others, Tony in the lead because he knows about those things, go to the Hospital to claim the body, and to the undertaker to make arrangements for the funeral. Others will go from house to house, neighborhood to neighborhood, to the edge of town if they have to, to tell families, neighbors and friends. The news of death always gets around quickly. And suddenly, the building seems deserted.

* * * * * * * *

Saturday, two in the afternoon and it's raining. Roque's two 'widows', both present, are arguing about which has the honor of being in the cortege and the right to the $150 or so in the dead man's account. It's a ticklish situation, finally resolved by the good sense of a chunky, tongue-tied man with hands like wooden blocks.

Leituga, who was the dead man's brother (they say they're sons of the same father, but of different mothers), sets himself up as referee. He proposes that the Peruvian woman who calls him 'brother-in-law' keep the savings and that the Club and the Mutual Aid Society pay for the funeral. And the Italian, serious and composed, will be the one to

attend the funeral as his widow.

His suggestion has a magical effect. The Peruvian, a short mestiça, leaves satisfied, giving her 'brother-in-law an almost loving smile of thanks. And the Italian, from Sicily she was, sits down, serene and resigned. For her it was her man's love that mattered; she didn't enjoy it for long.

Meanwhile, the mortician and his helpers arrive, taking certain steps, following certain procedures, getting things ready for the ceremony.

"But no black draperies," bellows Costa. "The funeral is his party. He won't get another!"

The body, already embalmed, will come here tonight, for the wake. The catafalque points toward the platform, the windows are covered by draperies. Large, with the decorations, the damasks and gold trim, and the lighting, the room really looks like a chapel, or in any case, a mourning chamber. The men are secretly proud of this luxury in death.

"And a priest?" asks the mortician who's Italian and a bit shy.

The widow demands it. She wants the body blessed, since it's too late for Roque to receive the last rites.

The men look at each other: "What would Roque say if..?"

"Well do what she wants!" says Costa, outwardly grouchy, inside, his heart breaking with grief and love. He's quite a tough man. There's no one in the world to cry for him or take care of him when he goes...

Sunday, early afternoon, a neighborhood street, narrow and dark, sad beneath the rain. It doesn't seem big enough for so many cars. He had a lot of friends. The whole neighborhood looking out the windows, a festa.

With the crucifix in front and the lit candles crackling and dripping in the half-light of the room, Roque, in a new dark suit, is pale, serene, almost smiling. No one could say what he suffered. His strong forehead shines like polished wax. His widow, in black and by herself, sitting next to the coffin, looks at him in a long, silent, nostalgic goodbye and hope for another, better life. In the heavy silence, there are whispers of grief, and comments. The place is unbelievably full. More than a hundred people are here, many of them women. One of them murmurs that this is bad luck for the Club. Piles of flowers. Death brings them together. Well-dressed, in their Sunday best, Roque's companions show a cerimonious dignity, quite Portuguese.

Suddenly, there's a commotion at the door: talking, shouts, some men run over. The Peruvian insists on appearing. She tries to get in, see the dead man, make her scene of Iber-Indo-American grief. They convince her to go home.

Followed by his acolyte and properly attired, the priest enters running. The widow kneels, face hidden in her hands. All around, the women do the same. The ceremony only lasts a few moments. When it's over, the priest adjusts his biretta and leaves running, as he came, a wake of incense and holy water behind him, as if he were running away from

heathens.

The undertaker hurries forward to close the coffin.

"Wait a minute, please! Just a few words."

The widow sits down again and waits, dignified and impassive.

Rola steps forward, puts his hand on the edge of the coffin.

"What can I say?" he thinks. "Be brief, be brief. It's Sunday, these good people are in a hurry, they have places to go, the movies, a dance, a party at the other club..."

He clears his throat:

"... Our friend and companion, Roque, was one of the founders of the Club. He worked here tirelessly at our side. Here, we can say, he fell, at his post. Now that death has taken him from us, his presence becomes greater and more constant because we all miss him. Here with us, he is not all alone in death, as he was not in life. He had love, friendship and camaraderie. And today, at his funeral, we are gathered to show him how we feel, to say good-bye to him with affection, gratitude and sorrow. This day which sees him depart is a sad one. But it would have been a great day, one which he would have greeted with joy and confidence, the day of the opening of his and our Club, his and our home. It's only right that he be the one to inaugurate it, and that is the hommage we do him today. Thank you, Tomé Roque, thank you and have a good trip!"

The Italian may not have understood it all, but she

stands up sobbing and kisses the dead man on the forehead, puts a red, winter carnation in his lapel. The men, some of them red-eyed from crying, come forward to shake Rola's hand. They lean over to touch the cold hand of their dead companion. The undertaker can finally close the coffin, and, in a few moments, his assistants, correct, somber, efficient, dressed in black, remove all the signs and symbols of death and mourning. The crowd moves out, the cars wait in the rain. His closest friends grab the handles: his brother, Leituga, clean shaven, bursting out of his Sunday suit; Tony, standing straight, pale; big Cosme; Costa, steady as in the procession; a few others; and Rola. On the steep, narrow stairs, the coffin creaks, followed by the wreath of everlastings, given by the Club, "to our dear member and loyal comrade."

All bent over, his face red, bathed with sweat and tears, Lampas holds his free hand over his heart and moans endlessly:

"Oh, Lord! Dear God!"

His echoes the voice of the mourners.

The Club has been inaugurated.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Portuguese "ethnic clubs" in your area and their role in the community

2. Ways ethnic groups in general and Portuguese in particular maintain their identity

3. Barriers which separate Portuguese from other groups

A PORTUGUESE HOME by J. Rodrigues Miguéis

translation by Gregory McNab

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He'd been sick, lost thirty pounds, suffered from acidosis (what the devil's that?) and that Saturday I talked to him.

"Come on over to the house. We'll have Portuguese stew."

He came for lunch. The stew was almost a casserole, the broth a sauce. He liked it , ate a lot and even got some of his color back.

"This is what I need. Do you see, my friend? To enjoy life a bit. It's been a long time since I've felt as good as I do today."

He was in his thirties, still tall and good-looking, but with a middle-age spread. He shuffled his feet a bit when he walked. The four of them, his mother, a healthy dark-haired woman; the two sons and the daughter, the youngest, the only one born in the United States, all worked. They lived together with three enormous yellow dogs in their own house in an outlying Queens neighborhood, broad streets, trees along them, grassy lawns, in sum, decency and comfort. They were respectable people, Azoreans with an aristocratic family name, and very broad-minded. The father, a very proper Portuguese, more inclined to breaking than bending, had been a scrupulous translator who thrived on patriotism and correct grammar. He had died about a year before, suddenly (with his temper!), leaving the house and, I suppose, some savings. He was the kind who'd pound on the table with his cane and tear up the translations if anyone changed so much as a comma.

"Beyond that door, only Portuguese may be spoken!" he commanded.

He didn't let them make friends or bring home school-mates.

"Raised here alone, we don't know any Americans," Leopoldinho once told me. "And with Portuguese, you already know how it is..."

They belonged to a Portuguese social club. Leopoldinho, who was the eldest, headed the Portuguese segment of a working men's organization. He went to meetings and debates and was always good-natured and conciliatory. He had found an escape from his loneliness. But the roughness and fanaticism of the "continentals" bothered him. With the help of an Azorean baritone, a former student of one of the famous Andrades, who drank himself to death there, he organized a little choral group to sing album music, there wasn't any other kind available.

Because of the small-talk, lunch was over late. I had to go see a Brazilian friend, and we agreed to meet at night at an American's house in the Village. I got there about 8:30 and found him pale and depressed. After a whole week of work, the day was a lose. The meeting went badly, there disagreements and harsh words exchanged!... We left together, around mid-night. Out in the street, he seemed suddenly lost; he didn't know which way to go for the Third Avenue "El". It stopped near-by and was his way home. If he missed it, he's have to take a bus, more than an hour's ride. I pointed him in the direction of the station, a little way on, at

the intersection.

"I am getting absent-minded, must be because I am tired," he said. "Tomorrow I'll sleep all day."

And he walked off, a little sadly, not at all the person from lunch-time. I wondered about it. Could it have been the acidosis?

Sunday went off monotnously as usual. Monday we returned to the boredom of our jobs, and Tuesday morning, it wasn't even eight o'clock, the phone next to the bed rang.

"It's probably Martinson asking about the translations."

She answered. A sharp hysterical voice was on the other end.

"It can't be!" she was saying, upset and barely awake. "It can't be... just last Saturday he was... oh! my God!"

She turned toward me.

"Leopoldinho..."

And she burst into tears.

I yanked the phone away from her.

"Hello, hello!"

A feminine voice on the other end stammered out an explanation.

"An emergency operation yesterday... he died early this morning!"

"But lady!" I was saying.

"It's no lady, this is his brother!"

"I'm sorry, things are confused. I misunderstood."

I said we'd be there as soon as possible. But we didn't get there until mid-afternoon.

The brother had gone out. The mother and the sister were alone at home with the body of the deceased. How quiet things seemed! In the living-room, which was arranged like a room in a funeral-home, surrounded by flowers, the made-up dead man was smiling serenely, hands folded over his chest. Only the top half of the casket was open, so that the body could be seen only from the waist up. It was like a display box, and he looked like a wax mannikin. Horrified, I followed them into the kitchen. There was cold chicken, salad and perked coffee. We ate and we talked. The dogs dozed in a pile, over in a corner. From where I was, I could glimpse part of the cataphalque.

Dininha told me how it happened.

"He came home Saturday, after one, exhausted. 'What I need is some sleep!' Around noon he came down for coffee: 'I'm so tired I think I'll go back to bed!' He mentioned having lunch at your house. He slept all day Sunday and didn't come down again until dinner-time. He didn't feel like eating. About mid-night, before she went to bed, Mother looked in on him. She found him sick, livid, teeth chattering with cold. She put more covers on him, gave him something hot to drink, but the chills kept on. Seeing him so sick, around 2AM, we called his doctor. The doctor said he couldn't come and gave us the name of a colleague. The other doctor arrived after three, and, as soon as he

examined Leopoldinho, he said:

"This is a case for emergency surgery - peritonitis!"

The ambulance came and took him straight to the hospital emergency room, but it wasn't until seven that they could operate. We waited... And when they opened him up, they found a tumor the size of which they hadn't even imagined: stomach, liver, intestines, the right lung, pancreas... That's what was causing the acidosis, the diabetes!"

"But didn't he complain?" I interrupted. "Didn't he have pains? What did the doctor say?"

"He just seemed depressed. The doctor? Perhaps he didn't want to explain... Since there was nothing that could be done, they closed the incision and asked our permission to remove the organs, after his death of course, for the pathology museum. Such a cancer!... When he woke up in the oxygen tent, he was laughing. 'Well, so it was appendicitis after all, wasn't it? And you didn't want to believe it. Just like a member of our family. I'll be alright now.' Poor thing, he stayed like that for a few hours, but he slipped away and fell into a coma."

"Don't forget, daughter," sighed the mother. "Coma in Portuguese is masculine, not feminine."

Nervous as I was, I could hardly keep from laughing. The importance of grammar! Even with a death in the family... What it is to live away from one's country!

"He caught a post-operative pneumonia," continued Dininha. "By early morning he was dead. He didn't suffer at all."

I didn't see a tear. The fortitude of that family! We went back to the dead-man. He was going to be cremated.

"In this expensive casket!" I exclaimed.

"No, this is only for the wake. People get buried or creamted in another one, cheaper."

In a pine box, maybe, I wondered to myself.

We went to the funeral, but I refused to watch the cremation. She watched through a little glass window in the wall of the crematorium and she was shocked. A big blast of fire, and Leopoldinho was a pile of ashes. Quia pulvia es, et in pulvis reverteris -- excuse my Latin.

I haven't seen them much recently. The brother telephoned me one day.

"Mother and Dininha went to the Azores to visit relatives. Without family and friends, I feel very lonely. Home to work, work to home. I read books."

He was a handsome young man with dark, fine features; and he didn't even have a girl-friend. I invited him to lunch.

"They don't write. I'm worried. If this keeps up, I'm going to the Azores, too."

A few days later:

"I sent them a telegram, no answer. I've decided to go, asked them at work to let me go. It must be something serious. Good-bye."

Weeks went by. One day, another call. He was back, with

Dininha.

"Imagine! The day I arrived in Ponta Delgada, I was on my way to the relatives' house when I met a big funeral procession, music, the whole town was there... I asked whose it was, somebody important, no doubt. Someone told me. It was for a lady who came back from America with her daughter. She was a widow, her son died and yesterday, her time came suddenly! It was Mother. I thought I'd go crazy. She'd died just as I was leaving. I'd made it in time to say good-bye to her, poor thing. Now there's just the two of us!"

I heard him sobbing. It was the last time we saw or spoke to each other. Isn't it strange? In America, friendships are made and unmade quickly. Perhaps tragedy separates just as does self-centered happiness? I did hear that they gave away the dogs and sold the house, left to live with an uncle in New Jersey. I gues it's good to have aunts and uncles. I am the one who is alone in the world except for her.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. The maintainence of the Portuguese language among the Portuguese communities
2. Portuguese cooking
3. The Portuguese and family obligations
4. The Portuguese and facing death

AGAINST WIND AND SEA by H. Teixeira de Sousa

translation by Gregory McNab

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The boat had been docked in Providence since July. It was well into November, and a departure date had still not been set. But consigments had begun to come at an encouraging rate. The hold was almost half full of cargo. Two automobiles were waiting on the dock for their turn to be loaded on. They would go in the free areas of the deck so as not to get in th way of the sheets and rudder chains.

Captain Fortunato now seemed more satisfied. Lately, the dollars had been dropping his way by the hundreds. Since July he had done nothing but spend and spend a lot on salaries and food for the crew. Fortunately, Herminio Montrond had put a thousand dollars at his disposal. And just because of that loan, he was thinking about asking Herminio Montrond to be his partner on the boat. If he accpeted, there would be still another advantage. Herminio Montrond was well known and respected among his compatriots in America. It would be a solid guarantee of future business.

Captain Fortunato was wearing a dark blue overcoat with the collar turned up. A grey wool cap covered his head and ears, and the flaps were snapped under his dark chin. It was a burning cold, worse than the cold on Chã in January. In the little space he was in, he walked from one side to the other, from the wheelhouse to the galley and from the galley to the crew's quarters. Yes, if he had to borrow more money from Herminio Montrond, it would be better to offer him a partnership in the boat.

The Providence River flowed muddy with the season's showers.

The sky was dressed in a heavy gray. Everything in sight dripped humidity and was fading into a dense fog. A tug-boat passed by blowing its hoarse whistle. Captain Fortunato was wondering what to do, whether he should pay the thousand dollars to his friend or ask for more money on the basis of a partnership.

He had already taken in about five thousand dollars in cargo. There remained, however, things to buy. The main sail was in bad shape, covered with patches and tears. The braces suggested pack-mule harnessing, frayed from end to end. The bilge pump needed repairs, the hull shipped too much water. The hawsers needed some new braces. The sails also needed replacing. Our Lady of Succor would make everything happen as quick and as soon as possible, or there wouldn't be too much money spent on the crew. The men weren't doing anything. They just ate and wandered around at the expense of the master of the two-masted schooner Ema Helena, belonging to Fortunato Semedo, out of Fogo, Cape Verde Islands.

On the deck, it was impossible to stand still it was so cold. Captain Fortunato went down to his cabin where an oil heater was burning. A soft gust of warm air greeted him tenderly. He sat down on a little bench next to the dining table and reached for the bottle of aged grog from Santo Antão. He poured himself a glass and downed it. He took off his cap and pulled down the collar of his coat.

If he went out by the next week, about November 28, he might still spend Christmas at home. Yes, the Ema Helena

could still make it. It would be a good time to go. The weather would be beautiful and there would be the strong seasonal sailing winds. The worst would be the cyclones, but if he reached the Bermuda latitude right at the beginning of December, he'd be safe from cyclones.

He downed another glass of grog. Just like scotch or rum! He took off his coat and sat down in his pullover and slacks.

In order to leave within the week, the very next day he'd have to get everything he needed for the boat. Canvas for the sails. Several lengths of bracing, a hundred yards of line for the hawsers, two new base plates for the bilge pump, supplies for the trip. With dollars in hand, it would be no problem. In America, the biggest problem is money. When you have it, everything comes as easy as you please.

Slowly he filled his glass a third time. He had just finished when he heard a car's insistent horn. The thing sounded like a boat's. Quickly he pulled on his hat and overcoat. He bounded up the gangway from the cabin. A pick-up truck loaded with trunks, suitcases and bidons was parked right next to the Ema Helena. Out of the cab jumped two shivering men, both of them blowing on their gloved hands. One of them, no doubt about it, was his friend Herminio Montrond. The other was ruddy-faced and looked more like a yankee than a Cape-Verdean. That's what he was alright. His name was Samuel Jacobsen, better known as Samuel the Jew, because his family was Jewish. At least that's how Montrond introduced him, adding that he was a well-to-do businessman from Newport

and an old friend. Herminio Montrond looked serious. The other one, his Jewish companion smiled at him, Captain Footenatoe, as if he had known him for a long time.

"I'm bringing you light trunks, suitcases and fourteen bidons that I picked up in Plymouth. Let's unload the truck and get everything in the hold, because it looks like it's going to rain. Afterwards, we have something important to talk about."

"I've only got two men on board: the cook and the quartermaster. I guess we'll all have to pitch in to get the stuff in the hold."

"O. K., let's get at it," added Herminio Montrond.

Samuel stayed to one side, a constant smile on his face, while the other four men rolled bidons around and hoisted up trunks and suitcases. At one point, Fortunato threw his overcoat up on the wheelhouse and went on working in his pullover and slacks. Montrond was more formally dressed. He had on a green and brown tie, mostly brown. He didn't take off his jacket, but did leave his gloves and overcoat in the cab of the pick-up. In an hour they put the last trunk in the hold.

"Now, let's get the receipts signed. I've got everything ready right here.

Captain Fortunato counted out the six-hundred and sixty dollars his friend gave, signed the receipts and kept the list of items received with the names of the addressees.

While the quartermaster and the cook stretched the tarpolin over the hold opening, the three other men disappeared

into the cabin to have the talk Herminio Montrond had suggested.

On the table gleamed the bottled sun of the islands, which right away cought the eye of Montrond's friend.

"Oh, my goodness, we have some Cape-Verdean grog. Let me try it."

Captain Fortunato opened the small cabinet and took out two clear glasses and put one in front of each of his two visitors. The Jewish businessman drank his slowly and smacked his lips when he was finished. He already knew the brandy of the islands and thought it far superior to the best American moonshine. He knew many Cape-Verdeans and even understood their language.

"Very good, very good, this grog," said Samuel in a mixture of Crioulo, Spanish and Italian.

"Well then, Captain Fortunato, let's discuss something very important. I'll get right to the point. You've been here since July and you don't even have half a cargo yet."

"But things have picked up recently," retorted Captain Fortunato. "I put an add in the papers announcing the departure date for the 28th of this month, and so we've received many shipments this week."

"Sure, but don't forget, you have to leave before bad weather. You have to speed up the loading. If you give me thirty percent on the freight you get, in ten days I'll fill the hold up to the deck."

Samuel could make out the conversation and kept his smile,

as if it were a stone smile, so constant it was. Only his eyes shone playfully in their sockets.

Fortunato pursed his closed lips. A wrinkle of thought unfolded on his forehead. Finally his friend, Montrond, brought him the business. The thought of the loand of one thousand dollars made his mouth water. And the Jew with him probably meant another deal.

He kept quite, mulling over his friend's offer. A thirty percent cut. A full load in ten days. Sailing before cyclone season. Home for Christmas and even for New Year's. Eugénia had asked him in a recent letter to be home for Christmas, and not to forget to buy her a sewing machine and a bicycle for Arturinho. He hummed a Christmas melody in his mind. He weighed what his friend had said and the advantages the proposition offered to him. Eugénia deserved a Merry Christmas. And so did Arturinho, already in secondary school, at thirteen getting a proper education.

There wasn't even a tiny drop left of the bottled sun of the islands. The big round face of Mr. Samuel seemed a red-hot steel ball. Herminio Montrond, ever firm and calm, went on:

"Besides, you should know that you'll have trouble loading the boat the condition she's in now. Everyone knows the Ema Helena is an old boat that ships too much water. A boat that ships water and doesn't have its gear in working order can't carry cargo. People are afraid to ship things in your boat. Look here. Why don't you fix up the Ema Helena from mast-top to keel and then put an ad in the papers? Without advertising,

nobody makes money. My friend Samuel here will sell you all the gear your ship needs. He has a marine supply store in Newport, and his prices are not at all high.

"It's too late to think about that. I only want to buy a few things and take care of the rest in São Vicente. Who told you the Ema Helena ships too much water? She ships water just like any other wooden boat."

"I have good equipment for all kinds of ships. That's my business. Would you like to stop in at my place in Newport, Captain Footenatoe?"

The Christmas melody went through Fortunato's mind.

"Take him up on it, man. Go see him in Newport at his place. If you want, I'll come pick you up tomorrow so we can go together."

"I'll think about it all tonight,and tomorrow I'll stop by and we can talk about it some more."

"Well, sometimes you don't think so clearly at night. I don't think you should wait. Your boat all fixed from stem to stern and loaded from deck to keel. O. K. Tomorrow morning I'll stop by again."

The men said goodbye. Captain Fortunato stood there thinking about the offer and trying to get his life into order. Before he went into the cabin, he looked toward the automobiles waiting their turn to be loaded on the boat. He'd been there so many weeks getting hit by all sorts of bad luck and weather. What a shame not to have the hold full.

He lifted up the grog bottle to the light hanging from the ceiling and tipped it. But not a drop was left. Eugenia, Arturinho, his mother Nha Guida, he wondered what they could be doing at that moment. And the Christmas melody went through his mind again. In ten days he could replace a lot of things on the boat, load it to the gunnels and set sail for Cape Verde. A full load could mean about eighteen thousand dollars. Herminio Montrond could get about ten thousand in freight. Subtract three thousand for himself, five hundred and four contos, subtract eighty-four contos, also for his friend, leaving a total of four hundred and twenty contos. He owed Montrond a thousand dollars. That would mean twenty-eight contos less. Total, three hundred and ninety two contos. If he should spend fifteen hundred dollars at the Jew's place on the needed equipment, there would still be three hundred and fifty contos. Take into consideration three hundred contos for last minute expenses. Even if it were two hundred and eighty contos after all expenses, the crew's pay, supplies and a few other things, the trip would still have been worth it.

His figuring was interrupted by the cook,who came to ask him if he wanted to have dinner.

He didn't get to sleep until early morning. He spent almost the whole night thinking about the conversation he'd had with his friend.Whatever it was, he needn't worry. He'd deal with the other in the same way. Friends, friends, business apart. Damn, he too was a grown man and smart

enough to know how to get right along. And the fat-faced Jew? Where did Montrond find him? He had even learned Crioulo, the tomato face. Thirty percent on the freight and a good deal for his friend, the Jew. Not bad. He always liked to see the goods laid out and the prices clearly marked. Perhaps he really might take them up on it. He could get the things and as soon as he was loaded to the gunnels, take off for Cape Verde. He wouldn't waste time on repairs, except for the bilge pump. He'd have to fix the bilge pump. Now, as for the rest, he fix it at São Vicente, where labor was much, much cheaper. The quartermaster thought the main sail would still hold up for another voyage. The braces, too. The hawsers were still good. So, buying what he needed in America, all he had to do was apply it on Cape Verde, spending hardly anything on labor. No, he'd stay no longer than ten days more, then say goodbye to the Providence docks and set sail for home, straight to São Filipe. Then after the year-end celebrations, he'd go to São Vicente and have the boat fixed. And then? Then he'd go on the salt runs; make about four trips to Gambia, loaded with salt. He could spend a fair amount. But he'd only go by sail along the African coast, calm as it was. Maybe he wouldn't make four trips to Gambia before the rains. Better yet, three trips. Finally, he'd tie his boat up at Fajã de Água and spend three months on Fogo with his wife and son. The boy would then be on vacation from school.

Early in the morning, he heard somebody knocking loudly

on the door. He raised himself up on the bunk, a little confused, and asked who it was.

"Herminio Montrond. Hurry up. Hurry up, time is money."

"Wait a minute, man. It's too early and too cold."

"No wonder. Your heater's off."

"It must have run out of oil. Call the cabin boy for me and have him bring some oil. This country of yours is very cold. Nothing close to the warmth of our islands."

Hermónio Montrond laughed good-naturedly at the complaints of his cold, sleepy friend. He was a tall strong man. In spite of his sixty or so years, his hair was all black. Nobody would think he was over forty. He looked no older than Captain Fortunato Semedo.

Outside, the cold air cut into his face. The two automobiles waiting to be loaded on did not appear to be bothered by the weather. Indifferent to the rain and the frost, they were still and quiet, awaiting departure for the warmth of the islands.

Also quite close to the boat stretched Herminio Montrond's Buick. It was black as crow's feathers, very long and decorated with shiny chrome from stem to stern. In the front seat, nestled in at the driver's side, was a dark skinned girl. She was wearing a black coat and a red beret which covered part of her straightened hair. She must have been between twenty-five and twenty-eight years old. Her teeth were two rows of pearls. Her eyes sparkled sensually.

"Hey, man, why didn't you tell me you had a passenger in

the car? Look, I haven't shaved. Who is she? Is she crioula?

"No, she's an American friend. A black America, of course. Her name's Agatha."

"If you'd let me know, I would have spruced up."

"Don't worry about it, you snob."

After they were introduced, the girl exclaimed excitedly:

"Oh yesm you're the yacht-man friend Herminio told me about. I've always liked yacht-men. You have to be brave to sail a boat like that one."

She pointed to the Ema Helena.

"Not so much," corrected Montrond.

The girl was wearing boots which were also red and had on an astonishing number of bracelets. When she moved on the seat, those bracelets clinked like small cow-bells.

Herminio Montrond was a careful attentive driver. He would answer only yes or no to his talkative rider.

The warmth in the car was comforting. Captain Fortunato thought the girl's calling him yacht-man was funny. Poor him and his boat!

An insistent drizzle rolled down the windows of the Buick. The buildings, the avenues, the parks, the traffic were scenes which followed each other indistinctly. They weren't interesting anyway. Samuel was waiting for them in Newport to sell them all kinds of equipment for all kinds of ships.

"Do you like America?" Agatha asked him.

"Not much. It's a good place to make money, but not for living."

She didn't ask him any more questions and just smiled

sweetly at the passenger in the backseat. When she straightened up in her place, the bracelets jingled once more.

Herminio Montrond continued giving his complete attention to the driving, confident and calm, as was his way. Agatha chattered on until they reached Newport. All the way, Fortunato thought about the deal with the Jew. Perhaps it was a way out of his problems. The Ema Helena would be ready for the sal hauling. But the repairs would be in São Vicente. He had to leave while it was still November to avoid the storms and spend Christmas at home.

At last they arrived. Samuel's place was on an old street, the buildings were low, near the waterfront. It smelled like tar and old cables. Out of a confused tangle of marine equipment came the Jewish merchant, all smiles and kindness.

Agatha planted two kisses on Mr. Samuel's fat cheeks. He blushed and looked happy.

Herminio Montrond lost no time in greetings, nor did he take off his hat. He asked his friend Fortunato if he had a list of the things he needed, the quantity, the measurements and other details.

"I need two hundred yards of sail cloth, one hundred yards of heavy rigging line, two base plates for the bilge pump and that's all.

"Oh, man. That's no order. You people just don't know how to think big. So that's all your boat needs? Well! That's why the island schooners have done so badly. You have to spend money to make money. Listen. Have you ever thought of

a motor for the Ema Helena?"

"Motor? Are you crazy? A motor, me? Where would I get the money to buy a motor for the Ema Helena?"

"Well I know where you can get money and some imagination to motorize your boat."

Agatha was hanging on her lover's arm, not understanding a word he was saying to Captain Fortunato. All she felt was the strength and firmness of this man who didn't look his age. The word 'motor', that she understood. She also noticed that Fortunato was unsure in his responses.

"How much does the boat loaded to the gunnels bring you?"

"About eighteen thousand dollars."

"You dummy. And you hesitate to buy a motor for your boat? Take enough money for the crew's pay for three months and spend the rest on equipment. It's a good investment."

Fortunato thought about the salt hauls to Gambia, the coastal lulls of Africa and felt a spark of daring. The motor could mean half a dozen trips to Gambia before the monsoons. Herminio Montrond was, no doubt about it, helping his Jewish friend. But he was still right in telling him to motorize the boat. And if he bought a motor? He'd install it on São Vicente. Even if he wound up owing the Naval Shipyards. On his first trip to Gambia, he'd get the bread to pay for the installation of the motor.

Samuel took the lead, and they all went to look at motors. They were lined up in three long rows, from launch motors to the most powerful models. For the Ema Helena, a one hundred

and sixty horsepower motor was more than enough.

"It was one like this one that Henrique Mendes bought last year for the Ernestina. The Ema Helena and the Ernestina are more or less the same tonnage."

Fortunato did not resist the temptation to ask the price of the motor Montrond showed him. Mr. Samuel said it was only fourteen thousand dollars. And if he wanted the same kind of motor only reconditioned, he would pay only half that amount, seven thousand.

"Don't buy a reconditioned motor. I won't let you make the mistake. Buy a new motor, brand-new. Grow up, man!"

"So, you want me to leave all my money here?"

"Yes, but you have to plant before you can harvest. And you know what else? Pay me the thousand dollars the next trip back here. Alright, there's money for supplies."

Montrond was too generous. In the cost of the motor, the thousand dollars on loan might have been included.

Agatha wondered why Fortunato's yacht was not motorized.

"Gee, doesn't your yacht have a motor? Don't be silly, Captain Footonatoe, motorize your yacht."

No one better than he knew what it meant not having a motor in the Ema Helena's hull. If he should decide to make such a purchase, it wouldn't be a wrong move after all, although it looked like he was being taken by all those people.

They left the motor department and went to the other side of the place. There he spent some time selecting canvas for the sails and line for the rigging. He asked the prices,

multiplied, added and got a total of two thousand, three hundred and forty-four dollars. With the fourteen thousand for the motor, that would make it some sixteen thousand dollars. He didn't have them yet. He would think about it.

"A week from now, you'll have the boat loaded to the gunnels. Yes, you told me that cargo was coming in now. Besides, I'm going to help you. Of course, you'll give me thirty percent on whatever I get you. That's the deal. And after all, I'll be spending some time making phone calls and gathering in the orders. There has to be some return on the investment. Time is money."

Of course, thought, Fortunato, the heart of the matter is buying the equipment. Whatever happened, he's give the Jew a list of what he wanted. He'd call later to confirm or cancel.

"Don't worry, just call me and I'll have ervything delivered."

On the way back to Providence, Fortunato remembered he had intended to offer a partnership to his friend. He put that notion aside. In view of recent events, that was out of the question. Herminio Montrond would not be interested in a partnership. It would be naive to offer it to him. Montrond was probably the Jew's partner. Henrique Mendes had also been there, brought in by that young man of sixty.

When they arrived at the Providence docks, night was enveloping everything: the river, the hulls, the masts, the lights, the searchlights, sirens, motors. The sticky drizzle had stopped, but the cold got to your bones and

burned your ears. The schooner Ema Helena barely stood out among the number of moored boats. The two automobiles parked by the boat were an exact point of reference. But a humid night hung over the two cars. They needed an oil cloth over them.

From inside the crew's quarters came the sounds of a guitar being strummed by someone who knew how to play. The cook played as few could. His solos were famous. Besides he was the most serious crew member on board. He almost never went ashore. In his free time, he would entertain himself with his guitar. No, no later than the 28th of that month he set sail for Cape Verde to get home for Christmas. The Christmas tune ran through his mind.

He went to the kitchen. He hesitated to interrupt the cook at his and his guitar's private moment just for a cup of coffee, No, he wouldn't do that. He opened the galley door, increased the light in the lantern, warmed his own coffee and got the sugar. While he was there, he listened carefully to the somber chords from the bow.

The days which followed were good for orders. Montrond, by himself, had a truck a day coming in loaded with crates, bidons, trunks and bundles. Still, by the 28th, the boat would not be fully loaded.

It was already time to make a decision on the equipment. But was it worth it to spend all the bread from that trip on things that could wait until later? Hell, he wasn't rolling in money. Besides, he had things to do to his house at Patim:

the roof, the floor, the doors, the cistern. No, the Jew and his friend Herminio Montrond could go elsewhere for their business.

Right there in Providence he bought canvas for the sails and two hundred and fifty feet of rigging line. He repaired the bilge pump and set a departure day for November 29th, no matter what cargo he had.

He couldn't get up the courage to telephone Herminio Montrond. He wrote to his address in Pawtucket, told him what he'd decided and asked him to come by the boat to settle accounts. Also that he was leaving the 29th because he wanted to get past Bermuda in very early December.

The day before he left, Herminio Montrond came by. He was his usually calm self. He made no hard statement to Fortunato Semedo. He just said:

"You'll be very sorry. That's all I can say. You people will never learn to be merchant-men. Anyway, good luck."

They settled the thirty percent on the freight consignments, the thousand dollars were paid back and the receipts duly noted.

When he gave Fortunato a hug goodbye, he wished him a good trip and good luck.

The morning of the trip, Fortunato bought the sewing machine for Eugénia and the bicycle for his son.

Downriver, the Ema Helena nodded sluggishly, unaware of her owner's worries. The trip had to be quick to get home for Christmas.

"Quartermaster, do you think this sail will hold out for the trip?"

"How's that, Captain. The sail'll hold up, sure it will and well, too."

Fortunato was at the helm, carefully watching the buoys. Blowing from land was a soft breeze which carried the boat slowly beyond the bar, as if no one were in a hurry to leave Providence.

"Is the pump doing alright now?"

"Aye, Captain. Since it's loaded, the boat's been taking in a bit more water, but the pump takes care of it right away."

"Oh, it's shipping more water?"

"Well, it must be a little crack in the side. When the wood swells, it'll get stopped up. The hull's been out of water for a long time, it's only natural."

"We'll never get beyond the bar! said Fortunato, thinking about Samuel's motor.

"No, before nightfall, we'll be out!"

"What do you mean out? Did you forget how far it is?"

The cabin boy came in with the navigation lamps to fill them with oil. He was wearing a lady's coat with a fur collar. Someone had given it to him for his mother. He also had on red woolen gloves. Fortunato remembered Agatha and her red boots. An unusual girl, that one. But a nice body.

The wind was blowing stronger as the ship drew away from the mouth of the bar. The sheets weren't wavering now. Forestay, jib, foresail, main-sail, all showed not a single wrinkle. The

Ema Helena leaned portside and began to move on.

Captain Fortunato passed the helm to the quartermaster. South-south-east was the course to Bermuda.

There was a passenger on board, listed as a steward. With no motor and no radio, the ship couldn't take on passengers.

Well, that one single passenger was a strange man, about seventy years old. He didn't talk to anyone. He always seemed to be day-dreaming. He never came up on deck. Day in, day out, from morning to night, lying down, sitting on the bench next to his bunk, he'd smoke long cigarettes, which from time to time he'd take out of his leather suitcase. He had a loud cough, his cheek-bones stood out, his temples were deep. His eyes were deep-set. His name was Libânio Rocha and he came from Santo Antão. He hardly ate. He just smoked and counted the dollars he kept in a special belt. He had refused to leave his bones in America. He was going to give his carcass to the land of his birth, grumbled the cook. Fortunato said that his cigarettes must have marijuana in them. Sometimes the man had a strange look of contentment on his face, especially when he sucked in the smoke of those giant sized cigarettes. But that was his business, according to the quartermaster.

Each day that went by, the wind blew stronger. Each day, the captain ordered the sails loosened, afraid that they wouldn't stand the wind. However, he did not have them loosened indefinitely because the ship had to move quickly and reach Cape Verde in time.

They were approaching the gulf-stream. Its waters were

not going to be any laughing matter. You could already see that. The swells were getting higher and the wind was howling in the rigging like dogs on a moonlit night. The Ema Helena was moving along at fifteen miles an hour. The little vessel was making time. If the weather stayed the same. until the islands, in twenty-three days, they'd drop anchor in São Filipe, Christmas night. Princepe de Ximento and the men from the Companhia Braçal singing drunk in the streets of the town. Midnight mass in the main church and a good, hot chicken soup at home. Eugénia dressed up and smelling sweet. Arturinho speaking good Portuguese as he had learned in school.

At noon, Captain Fortunato went down to his cabin to have lunch and rest. Meanwhile, he told the sailor on watch to keep an eye on the weather and call him if things got worse.

On his back in the bunk, Fortunato Semedo had in front of him his wife's picture and next to it his son's. The life of a sailor didn't let him enjoy his family the way he would have liked. At times, he felt like leaving that wandering and settling at home. He'd take care of the Patim property and open a shop at the roadside. But as long as Arturinho was in school, he couldn't. If he could at least get home for Christmas, he could make it up to them for having been away for six months.

Perfectly clear, he heard the crisp, harsh sound of cloth ripping. In a jump he was on the deck,where the men were running back and forth. The main-sail was torn from top to

bottom, and the two pieces were flapping furiously like two unfurled flags.

"Loose the sails. Loosen everything," ordered Captain Fortunato.

While the men were winding in the stay for the main-sail and loosening the canvas, a new gust of wind fell on the Ema Helena. The hawsers for the foremast rigging apparently broke to the windward side.

"Loosen the foresail, the whole thing," bellowed Fortunato, forcefully.

They were too late. The foremast cracked at the base and tumbled over with all the bow rigging.

The cabin-boy lay still under the tangle of line and sail. Someone pulled him out by his feet. There was a wide hole in his head where brains and blood streamed out.

Ax in hand, the quartermaster set to cutting the foremast loose. They had to get rid of the mess as soon as they could and reinforce the mainmast so it too would not fall. The cook was also there helping the others in the tedious work of cutting the lines and taking in the fallen sails They could hardly stand with the force of the wind and the rolling of the boat.

The mainsail torn, no foresail, no jib, the Ema Helena couldn't be controlled, bobbing jerkily in the waves. The strips of the mainsail were still loose and the upper yard hung frantically up high. The bow went from side to side. The helm was tied down. All that was left to do was to lower

the yard and pray to Our Lady of Succor for a steamship to come by.

Poor boy who'd never again see his father, mother, brothers, the island where he was born. He was wearing the fur coat they'd given him for his mother. So young! Patience! Patience!

He was wrapped in a piece of canvas and tied up with ten feet of line. All were up on deck, even Libânio Rocha. They watched the body cast into the sea. The bundle sank right away. They glanced at each other, hearts heavy and made the sign of the cross.

After the body was given up to the sea, strangely enough, the weather began to break. The yard was pulled down and the wreakage all over the boat cleared away.

"Now what'll we do?" Fortunato asked the quartermaster.

"Don't give up now, Captain. We'll go back."

"How?"

"Very simple. The mainmast is still strong and firm. We'll rig up a lanteen."

"How can we steer a course with only a lanteen at the stern?"

"Well, Captain, there's still more. With the yards, we can make a brace up forward and fix on the forestaysail. With that little sail on the jib, we can steer the ship. No problem. Before you now it, we'll be in Providence or New Bedford."

Two days of much activity went by. Some sawed, some hammered, others mended the hawsers and sewed the sails. Fortunately

the winds had dies down. The initial panic became the hope of reaching landfall. It could be the American coast, it could be Bermuda, depending on the weather.

Libânio Rocha demanded his passage money back. The captain would have to give him his money on the spot. As soon as he got back to America he would go see his lawyer. It was the first time the little man had spoken out. They didn't even know his voice.

Fortunato got annoyed with the old fool and told him where to get off.

"As soon as I get to America, I'm going to see my lawyer. That's what I'll do."

"Go to hell and don't bother me."

Captain Fortunato was nervous about the ship's speed. With only two lanteens, one fore, the other aft, when would they reach port in America?

"We'll get there when we get there," encouraged the quartermaster.

Three, four miles was the Ema Helena's speed. Because of the battering the ship had taken, she was shipping more water. Before the storm, they only had to pump the hold dry once a day. Now, three times a day wasn't enough. The quartermaster suggested that every two men on four hour shifts should put in fifteen extra minutes at the pump. That way the hull could be pumped out six times a day.

"Things are going from bad to worse. The shipments down in the hold were getting soaked."

"Patience, Captain. We can ease up on the boat by tossing some of the load overboard. She'll float higher and the vents'll be above water."

"It's a thought. Let's start with the automobiles."

They unchained the automobiles and rolled them overboard. In a flash the two cars that had waited so long on the Providence docks sank straight away.

Again and again there were two men at the pump next to the galley, fifteen minutes straight, torsos bending down and up with the up and down of the pump handles. Captain Fortunato also took his turn as did the quartermaster, each after their shift. Only Libânio Rocha kept on coughing and smoking, oblivious to everything, except the thought of getting his passage money back.

Trunks, bidons, bundles, boxes and crates went out of the hold and overboard. The higher the ship floated, the more water she seemed to ship. They had to increase the turns at the pump from fifteen to twenty minutes. Even so, the flow of water from the pump didn't seem to lessen the amount in the hold. There was no doubt that Herminio Montrond had jinxed that voyage. Everything the damned man had said and warned of was happening. Whew!

The Ema Helena was dragging along with just two lanteen sails and the hold filling with water. The crew began to get discouraged and feel apprehensive. The captain talked only with the quartermaster. He also talked to the cook, but only to ask him for coffee. He spent all day drinking coffee.

The nights were endless. He'd sleep a few short hours and wake up to the ta-toom, ta-toom of the pump up on deck. He even dreamt of a powerful motor pump gushing out torrents of water overboard. Captain Fortunato was really getting nervous about the pump and the water in the hold.

At noon, he took his sextant and took a fix on the sun. He had the quartermaster write down the finding. Right away the two of them went down to the cabin and stretched out the chart on the dining table. They multiplied and divided, added and substracted. They compared results. They were the same. The captain opened up the great compass, and the quartermaster reached for the double ruler in the locker by the stairs. They measured and marked the chart lightly with a very soft pencil. The longitude and latitude lines crossed, and they had their exact position.

"We're still six hundred and forty miles from land. At this rate, it'll take us eleven, twelve or thirteen days to Providence. That's if all goes well.

"Trust in God, we'll arrive safe and sound," soothed the quartermaster.

"With all this water flooding the hold, I don't know what's going to happen to us."

A loud hew and cry burst out up on deck. Just one word could be made out of what the men were saying. It was an ungodly racket and running around topside. The boards shook with the pounding feet like drums on St. John's Day.

The captain and quartermaster left their figurings and

bounded up the stairs. Up top, they saw that everybody was pointing to a dot on the horizon.

"It's a ship, a ship!"

Off in the distance was the sillouette of a tanker.

The whole crew got happy with the appearence of the ship. They even forgot the pump. Things got to the point of the helmsman leaving his post. Fortunato snapped at him, but he paid no attention. The quartermaster took the helm just in time to keep the sails from falling to star-board.

"It's a tanker."

"It's a freighter."

That was the solution. The whole crew was demanding it. The quartermaster looked at the captain, and the latter shrugged his shoulders and pursed his lips as a sign he was beaten and convinced. There was no other way to ask the tanker in view for help:

"Haul up everything?" asked the quartermaster.

"Haul it up," ordered Fortunato.

"Bring in the forestay."

"Forestay in."

"Bring in the mainstay."

"Mainstay in."

"Loosen the yard."

"Yard loosened."

The Ema Helena began to sail ahead close-hauled into the waves, perpendicular to the tanker's course. They had to draw close to the tanker as soon as possible so the S.O.S.

could be seen.

A half-hour later they were almost two miles from the tanker. It slowed down.

Captain Fortunato ordered the bow lanteen quartered and the stern sheet brought in until the boat was close in, and he took the helm.

"Get ready to abandon ship. I'll be the last to leave."

Two large longboats came toward the Ema Helena. Fortunately the sea had calmed down. Each man gathered up what was most important to him and went up on deck to get into the longboats.

Libânio Rocha peeked out of his door, his overcoat enveloping his thin body and his leather valise in his hand. He came face to face with Fortunato Semedo at the helm. He did not hold his temper.

"When you knew the boat was in bad shape, you shouldn't have taken me on. I want my money back. I'll get, yes I will. And you know what else? If you don't give me my money, I'll file a complaint. Either my fare back or my pay as steward for all the time on board until we get back to America."

"Well, you're not the fool I thought you were."

The longboats arrived and somebody in one of them asked in English:

"What happened?"

"Shipping too much water," answered Captain Fortunato, laconically.

"Anything else?"

"One of the masts snapped, as you can see."

"Yes. What do you want to do?"

"Abandon ship."

"O. K. Have at it."

"They're Greeks, Captain, said the quartermaster.

"We've had it," exclaimed Fortunato.

"Each man brings just one bag," said the officer in charge of the longboats.

They lowered the sails and made fast the helm. One by one, they jumped from the Ema Helena into the longboats with as many personal possessions as they could carry. The cook did not forget his guitar.

The cabin boy, poor fellow, stayed behind, buried in God's deep blue sea, his body forever destroyed by some voracious fish. When a body is buried on land, at least the bones are left as a reminder.

The quartermaster poured all the oil on board over the deck and even more into the hold. Quickly he made up a torch of rags soaked in tar and handed it to someone in a longboat. Everything ready and taken care of, he left his post.

Captain Fortunato was the last to leave. He had a suitcase in which he'd put some clothes, the ship's books, and the photographs of his wife and son. He regretted not being able to bring the bicycle and the sewing machine. Patience! He was going to lose much more. He was going to lose his ship and years of work. If only he had some insurance on the boat.

With a lighter, someone lit the torch. A big flame broke out on it. With the consent of the ship's master, the quartermaster stood firm in the longboat and threw the torch straight through the opening into the hold. Heavy clouds of smoke billowed out of the hold.

As soon as the first flames began to lick at the improvised mast, Captain Fortunato turned his back to the Ema Helena and looked only at the tanker as they rowed away. He didn't even look at the face of those watching the burning boat. He was going back to America. He was going to begin again at age forty. How, he didn't know. He only knew that he was going to work to buy another ship.

The same day on which they were saved, at dusk, Captain Fortunato wrote and read aloud to the crew his protest. He did not mention the unsound condition of the Ema Helena when she left Providence, but only Libânio Rocha wouldn't sign. He said it was all lies and reserved the right to take the matter up with his lawyer when they got back to America.

The crew said good-night to the captain and left him alone with his thoughts in the corner where he had stood with his companions in misfortune. He would not spend that Christmas at home, nor would he, perhaps, the one after. As a castaway, he had the right to remain in America for about two years. Meanwhile he would get together enough money for another ship, even if he had to go pick oranges in California. With the same name: the Ema Helena II.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER DISCUSSION

1. The settled Cape Verdean and the recent arrival
2. Cape Verdeans and black Americans
3. Cape Verdean-American contacts with the Cape Verde Islands.
4. Cape Verdean-Americans and Cape Verdean Independence

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O popular, New Bedford, Mass. Portuguese. Weekly during years 1913-1931. Harvard has microfilm issues from Oct. 25, 1917 to Nov. 11, 1920. Univ. of Illinois has same from Nov. 29, 1917 to April, 1924. State Library at Boston has Oct. 16, 1930 to July 9, 1931 on microfilm.

Portuguese Times, Newark-New Bedford. Mostly in Portuguese. Recently added English supplement. Weekly from 1971 to present. From 1971 to ca. Feb., 1973 published in Newark. Circulation in New England and New York area.

A voz da colónia, Bristol-Providence, RI. Weekly from March 11, 1926. Cessation date uncertain. To March, 1928, published in Bristol. Portuguese. Rhode Island Historical Society Library has March 11, 1926 to March 2, 1939 on two reels of microfilm.

Note: this list is not complete. It includes only East Coast publications and of those only the ones for which we had some data which might help location.

SELECTED CATALOGUING OF ARTICLES IN THE CAPE VERDEAN

I. Community interest

"Cape Verdean history to be taught in Mass. school." June, 1969, p. 12. Problems in trying to develop such a course at Rochester Regional High School, Mass.

Letters to the editor, December, 1970, pp. 2, 6. On the question does the Cape Verdean consider him or herself black.

II. Personalities

"Bana makes it big." June, 1969, p. 5.
short profile on Cape Verdean singer Bana (Adriano Gonçalves).

"Belmira Nunes Miranda: a biographical sketch." July, 1969, p. 11. Short outline of the life of a prominent local Cape Verdean.

"Eugénio Tavares - orphan, adventurer, rogue." August, 1969, p. 2.
The importance of the great writer of mornas to the Cape Verdean community.

"The Tabela family of Providence." August, 1969, p. 6.
local family

"Roy F. Teixeira - lawyer, statesman." September, 1969, p. 12.
background on this community leader.

"The last of the whalers." October, 1969, p. 11
on old-timer Joaquim Pina.

"First Cape Verdean to hold elective office in government." October, 1969, p. 13.
On Rhode Island assmblyman Peter Coelho

Obituary for Joaquim Pina, last of the New Bedford whalers. March, 1971, p. 12.

III. General

"Here's where it all began." April, 1969, p. 2
Photos and information on pre-1920 immigration, with some information on the islands.

"Cape Verdeans Run Docks in Providence, RI." May, 1969, p. 2.
About Cape Verdeans in Local 1329 of International Longshoremen's Association.

"Rhode Island Cape Verdean Association to hold scholarship dinner." July, 1969, p. 12.
Information on Cape Verdeans' club activities.

Mary Vieira Rosa. "Cape Verdean Recipes: Jagaseeda sic creole style." August, 1969, pp. 6. 11.

"Organization of the month: the Cape Verdean Ultramarine Band." September, 1969, p. 11. band in New Bedford.

Stanley Sylvia, Andrew Gabriel, Armando Perry. "Schooner abandoned in high seas; crew saved." February, 1970, p. 3. dangers of a trip by sea to the islands.

Marcel Balla. "Cape Verdean History." July, 1970, p. 3.

Marcel Balla. "Cape Verdeans in America." August, 1970, p. 2, November, 1970, p. 10.

"MV Eugénio Tavares." boat sailing from southeastern New England to the Cape Verde Islands. June, 1971, p. 2, August, 1971, p. 2, September, 1971, p. 2.

Belmira Nunes Lopes. "From Cape Green (Cape Verde) to Cape Cod." Family customs in Massachusetts. October, 1971, p. 4.

"MV Villa Nova Sintra." Another boat to the islands. February, 1972, p. 3.

Belmira Nunes Lopes. "Random Thoughts" Translation of Teixeira de Sousa's story, 'One Less.' September, 1972, pp. 4, 5. October, 1972, p. 4.

Paul Giguere. "Cape Verdeans: a Sturdy Stock Makes its Mark in Southeastern Massachusetts." October, 1972, pp. 6, 7.

Belmira Nunes Lopes. "Random Thoughts." Translation of Teixeira de Sousa's story 'The Family of Aniceto Brasão.' November-December, 1972, pp. 4, 5, December, 1972-January, 1973, pp. 4, 12, January-February, 1973, p. 4.

Belmira Nunes Lopes. "Random Thoughts." Translation of Teixeira de Sousa's story, 'Limits of Responsability.' February-March, 1973, p. 4, March-April, 1973, p. 4.

CAPE-VERDEAN AND PORTUGUESE SOCIAL, CULTURAL AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS IN THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND

Cape-Verdean-American Federation
106 James Street
East Providence 02914

Cape-Verdean Progressive Center
329 Grosvenor Avenue
Providence

Clube Juventude Lusitana
10 Chase
Cumberland

Club Madeirense
46 Madeira Avenue
Central Falls

Cranston Portuguese Club
20 Second Avenue
Cranston

Knights of Corte Reais
P. O. Box 21
Bristol

Portuguese-American Bar
945 Mineral Spring Avenue
Pawtucket

Portuguese-American Citizens Club
97 East Main Street
West Warwick

Portuguese-American Civic League of Rhode Island
15 Seascape Avenue
Middletown

Portuguese-American Club
1270 Broad Street
Central Falls

Portuguese-American Federation
P. O. Box 178
Bristol

Portuguese Colonial Santo Christo Club
195 Franklin Street
Bristol

Portuguese-American Social Club
32 Sheldon Street
Providence

Portuguese-American Social and Athletic Club
32 Fenwood Avenue
Smithfield

Portuguese-American Sport Club
12 Bridge Street
West Warwick

Sucursal No. 12 "Lusitânia"
Portuguese Continental Union of the U.S.A.
Cumberland

Portuguese Cultural Association of Rhode Island
P. O. Box 4295
East Providence

Portuguese Cultural Center-Salve Regina College
P. O. Box 67
Middletown

Portuguese Democratic Club
945 Mineral Spring Avenue
Pawtucket

Portuguese Independent Band Club
588 Wood Street
Bristol

Portuguese Instruction and Recreation Club
918 Main Street
West Warwick

Portuguese Social Club
208 Pleasant Street
Pawtucket

Portuguese Sporting Club
92 Gano Street
Providence

Rhode Island Portuguese Ethnic Heritage Congress
1 Vernon Avenue
Newport

Seven Castles Club
Newport

Seven Castles Club of the Blackstone Valley
P. O. Box 351
Pawtucket

Teophilo Braga Club
107 Ives
Providence

União Portuguese Beneficiente, Inc.
239 Central Avenue
Pawtucket

P. B. A. Vasco da Gama-Holy Ghost, Inc.
P. O. Box 299
Newport

Warren Portuguese-American Club
122 Arl Avenue
Warren

PORTUGUESE NATIONAL PARISHES IN RHODE ISLAND apud
Francis M. Rogers, Americans of Portuguese Descent, p. 27.

Jesus Savior (Bom Jesus), Newport, 1926- .

Our Lady of Fátima, Valley Falls, 1953- .

Our Lady of the Rosary, Providence, 1877- .

St. Anthony, Pawtucket, 1923- .

St. Anthony, West Warwick, 1925- .

St. Elizabeth, Bristol, 1913- .

St. Francis Xavier, East Providence, 1915- .

St. Thomas the Apostle, Warren, 1952- .